

The Critic

Published weekly, at 743 Broadway, New York, by

THE CRITIC COMPANY.

Entered as Second-Class Mail-Matter at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 6, 1888.

AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY general agents. Single copies sold, and subscriptions taken, at *The Critic* office, No. 743 Broadway. Also, by Charles Scribner's Sons; G. P. Putnam's Sons, Brentano Bros., and the principal news-dealers in the city. Boston: Dammell & Upham (Old Corner Book-store). Philadelphia: John Wanamaker. Washington: A. S. Witherbee & Co. Chicago: Brentano Bros. New Orleans: George F. Wharton, 5 Carondelet Street. San Francisco: J. W. Roberts & Co., 10 Post Street. London: B. F. Stevens, 4 Trafalgar Square. Paris: Galignani's, 223 Rue de Rivoli, and Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opéra. Rome: Office of the Nuova Antologia.

Matthew Arnold: Paralipomena

THE REVIEW of Matthew Arnold's literary work which appeared in these columns at the time of his death was necessarily inadequate in its treatment of Arnold's poetry. The theme is one which demands a far more extended consideration than it then received, and in view of certain criticisms which have recently appeared, a return to the subject may not be deemed inopportune.

American reviewers seem scarcely to have done full justice to Arnold's merits as a poet. The well-written essay by Miss V. D. Scudder, published in a late number of *The Andover Review*, whatever its deficiencies in other respects, at least displays a thorough appreciation of the finish and distinction that characterize the poet's work. But the condemnation of faint praise has been the general tendency. One writer is generous enough to accord to Arnold an honorable place among the 'minor poets' of the day. The term is misleading, to say the least. If Gray and Coleridge are minor poets, Arnold may well be ranked with such as these; but if writers like Jean Ingelow, for example, are included under the title, one must distinguish. If perfection of style, that precious salt which alone avails to preserve men's verse, counted for everything, the question would speedily be set at rest, for on that point the critics are as unanimous as Mr. Puff's warriors. Arnold's verse, indeed, resembles a crystal cup of some choice liquor, fit for the banquets of Olympus, one sip of which delights, but which never cloy or intoxicates, drink we never so deep. The secret of his style is after all its purity and simplicity. Clearness without literal precision is the effect for which he strives. The transparency is that of running water, rather than that of clear air. His words are well chosen, and chosen so as to produce an immediate and definite impression, avoiding the diffuseness and repetition which now and again disfigure his prose writings. Indeed, his verse appeals to a distinctly higher audience. His idea of the dignity of his art imposed upon him a self-restraint to which he adhered with singular fidelity. In his eyes poetry is too fine an instrument to be employed on trifles. Scarcely will he allow himself the lightest touch of humor, the merest passing brush of Mab's bright wings. It must be confessed that the reader hardly regrets the omission, remembering the somewhat violent jocosity of certain passages in Arnold's prose writings. But in his verse he gives us of his best, and spares not. To every temptation to be 'smart,' or sarcastic, or superficially brilliant, he will not yield so much as for a moment. His sonnet on the 'Austerity of Poetry' well expresses his own theory and practice. And in consequence few poets have left a body of work of such uniform excellence. Even Mallock's parody makes a pleasing if not a noble poem; the reason being that to suggest Arnold at all the subject of the piece must be an intellectual one, its treatment clear and impressive.

Arnold's narrative poems, such as 'Sohrab and Rustum,' 'Tristram and Iseult,' and 'Balder Dead,' have scarcely received their meed of praise. They may not possess the epic grandeur, but the grace of the Silver Age is theirs, and something more. 'Sohrab and Rustum' in particular is a fine

fragment, a most sweet and touching poem. The similes in this and in 'Balder Dead' are conceived after the Homeric model, but with an added touch of sentiment which appeals to the modern reader. Only twice or thrice a too great reverence for Homeric precedent betrays the poet into a comparison that seems too homely for its context. But here for instance, is a passage than which nothing could be lovelier:

For very young he seemed, tenderly reared;
Like some young cypress, tall, and dark, and straight,
Which in a queen's secluded garden throws
Its slight dark shadow on the moonlit turf
By midnight, to a bubbling fountain's sound—
So slender Sohrab seemed, so softly reared.

Is not this truly classical in spirit? so warm, yet so restrained? The picture is delicately indicated and then left to itself, its own beauty sufficing to make it sink into the reader's heart. Here is no quaint or startling effect; nothing but pure flowing lines, simple form, harmonious color. One feels the permanence of work like this, as did Keats when he wrote

Forever wilt thou love, and she be fair.

The touching picture of the hapless boy, so soon and so cruelly to die, remains forever with us, a perennial well-spring of tenderness. Verses like these, chosen almost at random from Arnold's work, are the despair of 'minor poets' in their flawless perfection.

The luxuriance and lavish amplitude of descriptions like those in 'The Strayed Reveller,' for example, remind one not a little of Whitman's best work, strange as the comparison may at first sight appear. But in one respect there is a real affinity between these two, so unlike in the main, in that the *movement* of life suggests itself alike to both as a theme of song—that movement, to snatch and imprison which the poet's art may best avail. The love of Nature and of childhood, of all things fair and young, which no true poet ever lacks, was not wanting to Arnold. Of such things he rarely makes a formal theme, but ever and anon he lets his feeling escape him as it were unconsciously. One might know without his telling us, that

In my helpless cradle I
Was breathed on by the rural Pan.

The charming passage describing the sleeping babes of the scorned Iseult, coming where it does at the close of a scene of hopeless pathos, affects the reader almost to tears, with a tide of emotion that is all too full. The poems of the natural affections, of which Arnold has given us not a few, have been strangely neglected by reviewers. It seems as though a studied effort had been made to depict Arnold as cold and unsympathetic—an effort which these poems, consecrated to wife, father, brother, friend, ought certainly to discredit. Traces of a great sorrow are visible in these verses; of an early love misplaced, the memory of which recurs in spite of a thousand struggles. How exquisite in their tenderness are the poems entitled 'Faded Leaves,' the reading of which seems almost like an intrusion. 'Rugby Chapel,' 'A Southern Night,' 'Calais Sands'—it was no cold heart that inspired these. The style may be severe, but the feelings are warm indeed.

But it is true that the poems which we instinctively associate with the name of Arnold are his introspective, moral-intellectual pieces. Here he is most himself, least like other poets. If, in his own words, 'the noble and profound application of ideas to life is the most essential part of poetic greatness,' then on these poems his fame must eventually rest. In Arnold's hands that which is recent and individual is brought into harmonious relation with the universal, the familiar. The strain of physical vigor that gives tone to much of his prose writing is subdued in his verse to a softer and more contemplative habit; but even here the fighting quality of the man speaks now and again with the true Stoic ring. Arnold is not the poet of youth; but more and more, as the 'years, and curious thought, and suffering give' 'long

lines of shadow, down the cheek that slope,' his pensive yet not unmanly strains come home to our hearts. Miss Scudder finds a querulousness in the poet's tone which is inaudible to some of us. With an evident desire to do impartial justice to Arnold, her standpoint is so remote from his that her critical estimate is unconsciously affected. To her mind, tranquillity and self-sufficient strength appear to have been Arnold's highest aim; for her 'the conviction grows that the keenest cause of his regret is less the faith than the assurance, less the Truth which the world has lost than the tranquillity which the Truth produced.' And over against him she sets Browning, with his glorification of struggle; 'not for this poet,' she says, 'is the rejection of aspirations too fiery to attain, of sacrifice useless in the here and now.' But surely it is no fairer to depict Arnold as preferring peace to truth than to represent Browning as loving struggle for its own sake. It would be truer to say that duty, in the fullest and noblest sense of the word, was equally the beacon and the goal of either poet. The selfishness which Miss Scudder by inference imputes to Arnold was no trait of his. If he is sad, his unsatisfied yearnings for light and truth have made him so, his grief for his own shortcomings as a man. 'Querulous' is a cruel phrase to apply to these touching poems, which are emphatically, as they ought to be, the expression of a mood. To Arnold's vexed heart poetry was a refuge and a solace. He might have said with Béranger,

Le bon Dieu me dit, 'Chante!
Chante, pauvre petit!'

And if to his mind the idea of peace presented itself as the supreme crown of toil, who shall blame him? If he erred in this, at least he erred in company with the saints and martyrs of all ages.

In 'Thyrsis' we find the happiest union of the two elements of Arnold's verse. 'The Scholar-Gypsy,' its precursor and companion-piece, is perhaps too exclusively intellectual; 'Thyrsis' breathes a softer strain. It was no caprice which led the writer in his previous article to intimate a preference for 'Thyrsis' even over 'Lycidas.' Pastoral poetry, perhaps more than any other, demands the nicest and most delicate skill, if the conscious artifice which underlies it is not to obtrude itself. The poet must glide through 'the sweet Vergilian rustic measure' with an easy grace, which shall suggest no hint of the dancing-master's art. But 'Lycidas' bears itself with too studied an elegance; the poet's 'learned sock' is too conspicuously displayed. A still more injurious defect, and one which does much to mar the effect of the splendid eloquence of the poem, casting a rude glare upon the 'silent stream, shaded with night' which its stately flow resembles, is the polemical 'stump-speech' which Milton has injected. Powerful as the passage is, it is certainly out of place; it shocks and stuns us like an ill-timed blast of trumpets; and however sufficiently a cry for divine vengeance, like the 'Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints,' may vindicate itself, wrung as it was from a heart on fire with righteous indignation, this threatening of theological enemies with the purely mundane machinery of cord and axe is wanting alike in dignity and good sense. Hence, although 'Lycidas' contains much that is finer than anything in 'Thyrsis,' it must be regarded as a less symmetrical work than the latter poem. And to us the most pleasing and suggestive stanzas in 'Thyrsis' are the two which follow the line,

So, some tempestuous morn in early June.

The reference to the cuckoo is explained by the fact that in England the bird changes its characteristic note towards the close of its annual stay. Arnold symbolizes thus his hope for the future of the race; and a higher faith yet is intimated in the final stanza of the poem: 'The light we sought is shining still.' 'Thyrsis,' therefore, though a monody, sounds a more inspiring note than 'The Scholar-Gypsy.' At last he beat his music out. The victim of her own preconceptions, Miss Scudder denies to Arnold even the title of Christian, and finds in his verse only a philosophy of despair. 'To

conquer evil, to reform abuses, is not for him. For him rather the silent desert, whence he may watch the pomp of life pass by, and in mournful peace wait the event.' Arnold cannot goad us on to active and joyous effort; his own hopelessness is too deep for that. Such misconceptions are almost amusing to those who remember Arnold's life of constant and useful activity, his pathetic wish

That death may find
The freedom to my life denied.

In truth, Miss Scudder is blind to a whole side of Arnold's nature. Poems like 'Pis Aller,' 'Progress,' 'The Last Word,' and the religious sonnets, with their enthusiasm for the cause of truth and goodness, might have warned her to distrust inferences drawn from 'Empedocles,' a work dramatic in its form, and one which its author withdrew from publication. The stanza from 'Obermann Once More,'

What still of strength is left, employ
This end to help attain;
*One common wave of thought and joy
Lifting mankind again,*

expresses with literal exactness the effort of the poet's later years. For other voyagers on the ocean of life he made it his business to chart the current of those 'tradewinds which cross it from eternity.' The soundness of his views may be called in question; their sincerity ought never to have been impeached. Open to all good influences, finding room in his heart alike for Heine and Augustine, preaching everywhere the gospel of charity and compassion, who shall dare to say that he has lived in vain? Satan casts not out Satan; and to us at least, who in life's rough pilgrimage have gained aid and comfort at his hands, Arnold will always remain a bright figure among that band of leaders who

Stablish, continue our march,
On, to the bound of the waste,
On, to the City of God!

EDWARD J. HARDING.

Reviews

Dr. Martineau's "Study of Religion"

IF DR. MARTINEAU'S generous temper were not contagious, one might almost envy him the late, ripe fruit of his long life. His 'Types of Ethical Theory' was a noble discussion of fundamental morals; the present volumes form a discussion, equally noble, of fundamental religion. It is given to few men to put forth such books after eighty years. They are books that fascinate thoughtful men both by their profound grasp and their richness of illustrative thought, and by the lucidity and at times poetic grace of their style. There is, perhaps, no writer whose diction is so exquisite, and who yet never permits his language to be more than the well-fitting dress of vital truths. You feel the beauty of his sentences, but it is like the beauty of a cathedral arch. His finest paragraphs are not ornaments: they are supporting parts of an impressive structure.

Dr. Martineau divides his work into four books, covering respectively the 'Limits of Human Intelligence,' 'Theism,' 'Opposing Systems,' and 'The Life to Come.' Under the first head we have a singularly fresh discussion of the old topic, ending in the conclusion, opposed to the extreme statements of idealism and nescience, that while we cannot demonstrate their falsity, we must, by our constitution, presume that they are false, and to think at all, must, when empirical psychology has done its most, 'trust, as valid intuitions, the residual belief inherent in our mental constitution.' Book III. is an acute criticism of pantheism—vindicating the personality of God while avoiding fight over a term—and determinism, showing it to be the negative of ethics. But the chief interest attaches to the more constructive portions of the argument. In Book II., the greater space is devoted to the argument from causality. This is presented from different points of view, with thorough con-

* A Study of Religion, its Sources and Contents. By James Martineau. 2 vols. \$6. New York: Macmillan & Co.

sideration of the objections to it, and a firm, well-defined and guarded maintenance of teleology, bringing the author to the final statement, as the product of this argument, that 'there is One universal Cause, the infinite and eternal seat of all power, an omniscient Mind, ordering all things for ends selected with perfect wisdom.' There follows a loftily conceived chapter on God as Moral Perfection, and then one on the unity of God as Cause and as Perfection. Book IV, considers Death, physiologically, metaphysically and morally, and then the intellectual and ethical arguments for immortality, ending the discussion, and the volume with these words: 'The vaticinations of our moral nature are thus in harmony with those of the intellectual and spiritual; distinctly reporting to us that we stand in Divine relations which indefinitely transcend the limits of our earthly years.'

It would be rash to say that no phase of attack upon the postulates of religion has ever been met more skilfully and forcibly than in Dr. Martineau's work, but we are inclined to think that there is no book, covering all the ground so thoroughly, making so complete and well-jointed a series of arguments, and at the same time so likely to be read by thinking people and to have an abiding influence. Not its least merit is this, that it sets in clear light the fact that the fundamental beliefs it maintains, the prerequisites to faith in revelation, are not the mere theses of the closet, but the common convictions, the natural, every-day reasonings of average men.

The Stedman-Hutchinson Library *

THE fourth volume of the Stedman-Hutchinson 'Library of American Literature' covers ground from 1788 to 1820. Over this part of the wide field scarcely the shadow of a song-bird's wing is seen to pass. Nothing recalls the quality of Freneau, except one small sweet song by Dr. John Shaw, 'Who has Robbed the Ocean Cave?' William Irving's lines on 'The Days of Grogam Grandames' form a neat piece of Eighteenth Century verse, old-fashioned enough to be quite modern. From the same year dates the ponderous 'Columbiad' of Barlow; but that he too could be comparatively sprightly is attested by his ingenious 'Hasty Pudding.' Most of us hold in happy memory Moore's 'A Visit from St. Nicholas,' and regard from an uncritical standpoint the national songs produced during this period, 'Hail Columbia' and 'The Star-Spangled Banner.' By far the most promising sign of the time, as far as poetry is concerned, appears in certain poems of Washington Allston exhibiting the influence of the English Transcendental school. Comedy, in the work of Royall Tyler and William Dunlap, has a beginning sufficiently rude; yet there is a curious interest attached to the chit-chat of these fair maids of Manhattan—wearers of the 'bell-hoop' and 'pocket-hoop,' and promenaders of the Battery by moonlight. There are, as in the volume just preceding, some pleasant feminine sketches of manners—bits from the journal of Abigail Adams Smith and the letters of Eliza Southgate Bowne. Fiction springs up startlingly with the gloomily imaginative Brockden Brown; who is followed by James Kirke Paulding. The most significant theological extracts here given are from two treatises of Hosea Ballou, combating the orthodox theory of the origin of sin, and deploring the influence of the doctrine of infernal torments; passages which it is interesting to compare with the Puritan sermons of Vols. I. and II.

But it is in the writings, above all in the speeches, of its statesmen, that the true life of this period is to be sought. Expanded thought and a heightened power of language are observed by De Tocqueville, here appropriately quoted, to characterize the oratory of a democratic assembly. Something more than this generality seems needed to account for the full early flow of American eloquence. The fact that the boyhood of these men was cast during the first fifteen years after the Declaration of Independence,—their rich,

immediate inheritance of the vital elements of admiration and hope,—this goes far to explain the vigor and the elevation of tone which survive in an oratory, the florid fashion of which has passed away. We are thrown at last upon the mystery of individual genius. Here are represented the rounded periods of 'the Old Man Eloquent,' the passionate warnings and denunciations of Tristram Burges, the fierce sarcasm of Randolph, the clear persuasive speech of Henry Clay, the melodious organ-roll of Webster's words, the logical keenness of Calhoun. From the very first is heard, through all variations of tone, that sound as of far-away thunder which was by and by to disclose itself as the earth-shaking tread of armies. The deep trench drawn in 1788 between the advocates of National Union and the champions of State Sovereignty slowly widens, as it were, in our sight. The editors, in this part of the work, are more or less faithful to a chronological order based on the year of birth, an arrangement which places Alexander Hamilton, whose more natural position would perhaps have been with Washington, Adams, and Madison, in the present volume; where he serves as standard-bearer for the National Idea, so frequently attacked and defended in these pages.

William Edward Forster *

THE POLITICAL and military literature of the two great English-speaking peoples has received multifarious contributions within the past twenty-five years. In America the period has been one of civil war, abolition, reconstruction, and economic discussion; while in England the extension of the empire, the development of education and suffrage, and the eternal Irish question have been scarcely less stringent in their demands upon statesmen and politicians. The periodical press, of course, has teemed with discussions, accounts, and biographical sketches; while in England and America has been developed, by the stress of the times, a distinct class of magazines, virtually consisting of miscellaneous contemporary pamphlets bound together once a month. He is a poor general who does not deem his exploits worth a couple of volumes of autobiography; and the busy biographers and bookmakers refuse to wait for the death of a Gladstone or a Bismarck before devoting two or three solid octavos to a 'critical estimate' of his exploits. When death comes, the Earl of Shaftesbury is commemorated in a three-volume record, each volume bigger than Stanley's 'Life of Arnold'; while John Bright has long outlived the memory of a stout history of his career. All this is good collecting of material, but is literature of very variable merit, if literature at all. The newspaper has spread into the printed book, and must stand or fall by newspaper canons.

Something more than this, however, may be said of Mr. T. Wemyss Reid's 'Life of the Right Hon. William Edward Forster.' It is too bulky; there are 1161 pages in all; and though the type is large, the cost is proportionately increased. Mr. Reid does not pad his pages; he adopted too broad a plan at first,—a plan appealing to the clubs and the circulating libraries, not to the student or the private purchaser. His chapters are more instructive than the editorial page, say, of the *London Times*; but, in the strictest sense, notwithstanding their obvious merits, they are neither history nor biography. With justice, candor, and a complete equipment of knowledge, he tells the interesting and important story of the life of a true statesman of the second rank. We see the man as he was, with his faults and his merits; his apparent gruffness and his real tenderness; his reliance upon duty and his indomitable courage; his self-control when misunderstood by foes or friends; his solid successes in promoting peace between Great Britain and the United States in trying times; his great work for British education below the university or professional grade; his failures, and their causes, in attempting to square the circle of the problem of Irish government. The life-story is a serious one, in which sincere purpose is paramount; but it is brightened by

* A Library of American Literature. Compiled and edited by Edmund Clarence Stedman and Ellen Mackay Hutchinson. Vol. IV. Literature of the Republic. Part I. \$3. Charles L. Webster & Co.

* Life of the Right Hon. William Edward Forster. By T. Wemyss Reid. 2 vols. \$8. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. London: Chapman & Hall.

graphic, or picturesque, or merely entertaining touches. It is too soon to measure Forster's career, which, from America, seems peculiarly incomplete and unrounded; and Mr. Reid would have done well to imitate such admirable conciseness as that shown by Mr. Harrison in his new *Life of Cromwell*, greater than twenty Forsters. But he has produced a work with which the political reader need not quarrel in view of its manifest merits.

The American observer, in particular, will gladly give to Forster the credit due to a statesman of broad view and friendly temper. Fortunate indeed was the conservative influence of that friend of this nation, a friend at once firm and discreet. Of him it is not too much to say, in the words of one of his personal friends, who frankly acknowledges the inadequacy of Forster's Irish policy and colonial confederation schemes:—'We doubt whether any other man could have carried the Education Act, and we doubt whether any other statesman, except Mr. Bright, had as great an influence in preventing this country [England] from inflicting on the great American Republic, during their great Civil War, injuries which, had they been actually inflicted, it would not even now have forgiven or forgotten, or whether any other statesman, except Mr. Gladstone, could have done as much as Mr. Forster did to effect the happy reconciliation the fruits of which we still enjoy. His was a great career—great in labor, great in courage, noble in aim, and singularly happy in its achievements.'

The illustrations in the volumes (which are admirably printed) consist of pleasing sketches of Forster's birthplace and library; a portrait by Samuel Laurence, 1851; and a photograph from life, 1874. In the last, too strong a light is thrown upon a 'sandy-complexioned' face.

"Christian Archæology" *

IN THE LIBRARY of Biblical and Theological Literature edited by the Rev. Drs. G. R. Crooks and J. F. Hurst, of the Methodist Church, we welcome that entitled 'Christian Archæology.' The author, the Rev. Dr. Charles W. Bennett, is Professor of Historical Theology in Garrett Biblical Institute, Evanston, Ill. He prepared himself for this now completed work, not only by long residence in Germany and the libraries of Europe, but by studies a field in the outdoor lands of the East. Much to our taste, he departs from the usual routine which puts the subject of art last, or in a subordinate position, and to the 'Archæology of Christian Art' devotes an entire book occupying more than half the volume—rich and full, and up to the latest discoveries of the year 1887, and written with sympathetic insight. He shows where the monuments and relics are, their relations to time and human development, and the legitimate and the unfair uses made of them by polemic writers, the connection between Christianity and art, and the symbolism of paintings and sculpture. Architecture, music and epigraphy are set before us, not only with the aid of the artist's graphic illustration, but with that ease and firmness of touch which spring from thorough acquaintance with and independent study of the subject. The foot-notes have copious references to authorities, while relieving the text from cumbersome erudition. Book II. concerns itself with the 'Constitution and Government of the early Church,' and Book III. with 'The Sacraments and Worship,' while Book IV. is most aptly entitled 'The Archæology of Christian Life.' In this last, we eat and walk and talk with the early Christians, and the reader who is possessed with a lively imagination can here enjoy himself in sympathetic clairvoyance of the right sort. The book is well indexed, has a liberal list of authorities, with maps and the necessary apparatus of reference, and, considering its low price, is well printed and bound, as well as copiously illustrated. Most of the pictures are new. The 'theology' is of course Methodist, but all who love the subject will welcome in this volume what is decidedly the

best work on Christian archæology yet produced on this side of the Atlantic. It is certainly the best general work suited to Americans who like results in the text, and processes and authorities in the notes. The style is clear, compact and readable.

Matthew Fontaine Maury *

IT IS WITH mixed feelings, akin to those of Pharaoh's daughter, that we look upon this handsome foundling of a book set afloat on the Nile of literature. So comely a child of thought and care and love as this biography is, ought to have something more to dwell in than a mere ark of book-binder's bulrushes daubed with pitch from the glue-pot. Incredible as it may seem, this narrative of the life of an honored American sailor, scholar, and cosmical philosopher, launched in England from the press of Sampson Low & Co., has neither table of contents nor index, though paper and print are inviting and the contents of sterling value. In place of an honest American punching of plates to make clean text, we have a British leaf full of "errata." Why will not publishers compel authors (or authors compel publishers) to clothe their offspring more decently? Apart from these drawbacks, the book is one of absorbing interest. All grateful readers of 'The Physical Geography of the Sea' will be glad not only to look on the steel-plate portrait here given of their friend, but also upon the picture of his life penned by a loving daughter. Mrs. Corbin, the biographer, has had access to her father's letters and papers, and so his personal, domestic and scientific life is set clearly before us. Less fully is his character as a naval officer revealed to us, which some will count a defect, though Maury's distinct mark upon his age was that of a man of science, and not of a warrior of the sea.

In the veins of Matthew Maury, the blood of the Huguenot and Briton united. His father was an Episcopal clergyman and schoolmaster in Albemarle County, Virginia, who numbered among his pupils three boys who afterwards became Presidents of the United States, and five signers of the Declaration of Independence. Matthew Fontaine, the fourth son, was born ten miles west of Fredericksburg, January 24, 1806. At the age of nineteen, through the influence of the Hon. 'Sam' Houston of Tennessee, he obtained a midshipman's warrant for the United States Navy, and saw his first service on the frigate *Brandywine*, in which Lafayette was sent to France. Applying himself at every odd moment to the study of mathematics and navigation, he was able in 1834 to face a Philadelphia publisher with a manuscript under his arm. Having spent his last dollar to pay the parson who married him, he lived in a garret on cheese and crackers until his book was out. It required some courage for a midshipman to rush into print with a work on navigation, but in spite of all obstacles the book made fame for him in Europe and America. Still keeping his pen in practice, he wrote largely for *The Southern Literary Messenger*, on the subjects of ordnance, navigation and meteorology. He outlined in lectures and writings the present Signal Service and system of daily reports on the weather, with published forecasts called probabilities; he studied the problems of deep-sea sounding, mapped out the 'lanes' in which the Atlantic steamers now run, and was in many points far in advance of his age. His 'Physical Geography of the Sea' is a classic. He entered the Confederate service when Virginia seceded, lived in England after the War, failed in schemes of emigration to Mexico, and after his political disabilities had been removed, began again his scientific studies, lectures, teaching, bookmaking and other congenial labors at Lexington, Va., where he died Feb. 1, 1873. A gentleman, a Christian, a naval officer who adorned his profession, a scholar and a benefactor of the race, all this Maury undoubtedly was. The morality of the decision by him of a question which Farragut and Thomas and other

* Christian Archæology. By C. W. Bennett. \$3.50. (Library of Biblical and Theological Literature.) New York: Phillips & Hunt.

* Matthew Fontaine Maury. By Diana Fontaine Maury Corbin. \$3.75. New York: Scribner & Welford.

loyal Virginians answered in a different way, we do not judge. It is certain, too, that a thorough study of the archives of the United States Navy would so far show that in the days before the War other officers besides Maury were men of science, research and vision, as to modify some of a loving daughter's superlative praises of her father. Nevertheless, this volume is a valuable addition to our library of American biography, and is a creditable piece of literary work.

Minor Notices of Theological Works

THE LOGICIAN and the mystic have always been represented among Christian thinkers since New Testament times. There is room for them both; indeed, both are needed, both do good. But each makes a mistake when he decries and excludes the other. These remarks indicate the strength and the weakness of Arthur W. Eaton's 'The Heart of the Creeds.' The author belongs to the mystical school—using the term simply to designate that mode of thought which lays stress upon the subjective experience, the intuitive belief and aspiration, the direct perception of truth and goodness, to the neglect of ratiocination. This contemplative, intuitional treatment of what is offered as religious truth is entirely legitimate, but it is not the only possible, nor the only right, treatment. Mr. Eaton's mistake is in denying legitimacy to any other. The result is that his discussion of God, Christ, man, the creeds, the Church, the sacraments, the liturgy, and the future life, while it is elevating and suggestive, is vague. It is, of course, no reproach to a method which avowedly depends upon the religious feeling, that its inmost quality cannot be expressed in a syllogism. But it ought not, therefore, to deny the value of syllogistic reasoning, which is what Mr. Eaton in effect does. Much of his needless contest against Augustinianism and Calvinism is due to this oneness. We cannot doubt that his insight and genuine catholicity will attract many of those whom he desires to reach, and be a powerful antidote to the non-Christian spirit which prevails in some quarters; but there are many more whom his modes of thought and statement will not satisfy. John was one kind of man, and Paul was another: they complement and supplement each other. The cry 'Back to Origen' is a confession of failure,—makes Christian history a decline. The Church of the future will make place for both Origen and Augustine, for John Calvin as well as George Fox. (\$1. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

A VERY COMELY VOLUME is that of the Bishop Paddock Lectures for 1887, on 'Christendom: Ecclesiastical, from Constantine to the Reformation,' by John Hodson Egar, S.T.D., of Rome. N. Y. Dr. Egar is a thorough believer in the tenet that the religious community, known in law and society as the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, is the American Catholic Church. From this point of view he surveys the course of religious history in Europe and on our continent. His six lectures are entitled 'Byzantinism,' 'The Roman Reaction,' 'The Conversion of the Franks,' 'The New Imperialism,' 'Papalism,' and 'Nationalism.' While hardly strong enough in intellectual fibre to seriously modify the views of those who do not receive their spiritual nurture in this one of the many churches claiming to be 'Catholic,' the matter and style are of sterling quality, and will delight those who imagine Church history to be an arid tract in literature. The author is a finely cultivated reader and lover of the best books. Occasionally his quotations, though excellent, are rather long; for his own writing seems too rich in quality to need any outside increase. The book is worthy of what it lacks—an index. (\$1.75. James Pott & Co.)

HAVING RECENTLY EXAMINED a large collection in English of works treating of the Parables of Jesus, such as a great library in a city famed for its book collections could furnish, we came to the conclusion that there was hardly at present room or call for another volume. After French and Bruce near the top, and the last deposit of sermons on the dead level of mediocrity, we felt willing to wait. We do not say that Dr. Thomas Richey's book, 'Parables of the Lord Jesus, According to Matthew, Arranged, Compared and Illustrated,' is as the Pyramid of Cheops above the lesser masses, but we esteem it so far above the ordinary level as to rank among the landmarks on this plane of literature. The author has the gifts of a successful expositor of these matchless picture-teachings of the great Instructor. We are impressed with his acuteness, learning, imagination, spiritual insight and sympathy, and eye to the form and grouping of the pictures, as well as patient industry in microscopic criticism of the text. Wisely, we think, Dr. Richey believes with Goebel that, 'strictly understood, there is

no mere by-play and empty ornament in the Parables of Jesus.' Not only, then, does the author assume that there is no 'padding' in these matchless forms that ages cannot ruin or collapse, and no tints in their coloring but will last while each picture as a whole endures, but he strives to show just what part is borne in the general harmony or total effect by each of these details. Yet we do not find that he overstrains points, or makes metaphors progress in the proverbial quadrupedal method. Each of his expositions is strong, felicitous and clear. We trust the author will give us a study of the Parables in Luke, since here he illuminates only those found in Matthew, which he divides into the 'Seven Fundamental Parables,' 'Parables of Free Grace,' 'Apologetic Parables' and 'Eschatological Parables.' These were addressed respectively to the multitude and the Disciples, to the Apostles as administrators of the kingdom, to the chief priests and elders, and to the Apostles on the last things. The brief critical studies of the text appended to each chapter are most valuable. Print, binding and 'helps' are all first-class. (\$2. E. & J. B. Young & Co.)

READERS OF *The Atlantic Monthly* of years ago may recall an article by James Parton, written in a very catholic spirit, concerning the Paulist 'fathers' of New York, and the founder of the Order, Rev. Isaac Thomas Hecker. Since that time, this graduate of Brook Farm and Fruitland has established the still flourishing literary organ *The Catholic World*, written 'Questions of the Soul,' and 'Aspirations of Nature,' and travelled extensively in Europe, and the East. Now, when approaching three score years and ten, he has put forth 'an exposition of the Catholic Church, in view of the needs and aspirations of the present age,' which he has entitled 'The Church and the Age.' In twelve lectures, he discusses the relations of church and state in America, and in Europe, 'the experiment of Protestantism,' Unitarianism, the Transcendental movement in New England, etc. The book must prove highly interesting to those whom it does not exasperate. Its central idea is that 'the Catholic Church is the divine synthesis of all truths of reason and revelation.' By 'Catholic,' the Very Reverend author does not mean the 'Holy Orthodox Catholic Church' of Russia, nor the universal church of believers in Christ, but the religious organization ruled from the Vatican, and better known as the Roman Catholic Church. Even when near seventy, 'Father' Hecker can write (p. 244) that Luther was an anarchist, and trace 'without difficulty the features of Martin Luther in the lineaments of Freeman [the child-murderer] and Guiteau.' In the three hundred pages or more, there are scathing reviews of a number of Americans who have influenced thought and life in our country; though the author insists that the Roman Catholic Church is in hearty sympathy with democracy and constitutional liberty. The literary style is vigorous, luminous, finely modern; in short, that of a practised writer. (\$1.25. Catholic Publication Society Co.)

THE GENERAL CHRISTIAN CONFERENCE which met at Washington Dec. 7-9, 1887, was a gathering of unusual interest, since almost all evangelical Protestant Christian bodies were represented. The papers and addresses were of great merit and by men eminent as religious students, preachers, reformers and practical workers. The general theme was 'National Perils and Opportunities.' To gratify a general desire that the papers and discussions should be put into permanent form, the Evangelical Alliance has had them published. The result is a well-printed volume of over four hundred pages, which, happily, is indexed, and put at a price (\$1 paper, \$1.50 cloth) which will float it into many a pastor's and intelligent layman's library. Some of the papers, in addition to their sociological and religious value are above the average in literary merit.

'THE SYSTEM OF THEOLOGY Contained in the Westminster Shorter Catechism Opened and Explained' is in two parts, each by a different hand. Part I., 'Belief concerning God,' is the work of the Rev. Dr. A. A. Hodge, and Part II., 'Duty Required of Man,' of the Rev. J. Aspinwall Hodge. The volume aims at popularizing certain systems of doctrine, and making the laity more intelligent and efficient in their support. It is based on a Christian symbol which will be acknowledged on all hands as remarkable for exactness, force and logical consistency. In past generations the 'Westminster Assembly's Shorter Catechism' has exercised great influence in training mental faculties as well as imparting definite beliefs. The exposition of it now before us aims at a revival of this efficiency. Being necessarily an interpretation, it deals with some disputed matters, but on the whole will probably be accepted as a sound one by the majority of those who accept the Catechism as an expression of their theological opinions. (\$1. A. C. Armstrong & Son.)—ALTHOUGH the Prayer Book is most obviously liturgical, yet its rites involve so much of theology that the Rev. Dr.

William A. Snively's 'Parish Lectures on the Prayer-Book' come properly under the head of theology for laymen. They are straightforward, unpretending, earnest, springing evidently from a warm personal love for the book explained, and seeking a distinctly practical end. There is but little history, and none in any detail; for the most part we have a plain account of what the book contains, with brief explanations and an occasional enlargement in some part of especial consequence. The question of Prayer Book revision is not entered upon. (\$1.25. Thos. Whittaker.)—THE REV. John Eyre Yonge's 'Exposition of the Apostles' Creed' is issued in the Theological Educator Series. It is avowedly based on the standard work of Bishop Pearson, and while it has preserved many of the valuable features of that work, does not show much originality or great vigor of its own. It contains the Apostles' Creed in Greek and English, the Nicene Creed, in the same languages, and the Athanasian in Latin and English, besides other convenient matter. The critical remarks are generally sober and useful. (75 cts. Thos. Whittaker.)

DR. ISRAEL P. WARREN'S 'The Book of Revelation,' an exposition of the Apocalypse, is an unpretentious, but careful, studious and sensible, attempt to connect that much-neglected and much-abused book with the history of its own time, following the lead of Prof. Moses Stuart, to whom the author freely acknowledges his obligations. The fundamental proposition is that the author intended and expected to be understood by those to whom he wrote;—and no other postulate offers much promise of modern success in understanding him. (\$1. Funk & Wagnalls.)—A CLERGYMAN undertakes to controvert Mr. Herbert Spencer's theory of the origin of religious institutions in a pamphlet of ninety odd pages, called 'God in Creation and in Worship.' The author has a pretty good case, and has brought together a good deal of interesting historical matter; but this needs more sifting than it has received at his hands. (New York.)—DR. WM. C. MAGEE writes on 'The Atonement' in Cassell's Helps to Belief—a useful series of little books, noticed before in these columns. To mention the Bishop of Peterborough is to say that his treatment is broad, generous and considerate of difficulties, with more stress on experimental tests than on the speculative construction of a doctrine. Indeed, he stops some distance this side of the limits of human knowledge, and at least at one important point, that of the relation of the Incarnation to the Atonement, might with advantage to his argument have approached a little closer to those limits. But he doubtless knew that a large part of those for whom he wrote were surfeited with dogma. (40 cts. Cassell & Co.)

The Lounger

IT IS WORTHY of note that the most striking novels of the year both in this country and in England are by women. Mrs. Humphrey Ward's 'Robert Elsmere' is talked about in a way that takes one back to the days when George Eliot was bringing out one book after another, that became for the time being the great subject of discussion among cultivated people. Mr. Gladstone is said to talk of it to the exclusion even of the Irish question, and his known orthodoxy ensures a toleration for a work which he so greatly admires in ultra-orthodox circles that would otherwise give it a reception the reverse of cordial. Even as it is, there are many who regard it as a book to be read with extreme caution; but none the less it continues to change hands at the circulating libraries as rapidly as its six hundred pages can be mastered. Mrs. Margaret Deland's 'John Ward, Preacher,' is a good second to 'Robert Elsmere,' and covers somewhat the same general ground, or at least appeals to the same class of readers, and in much the same way, as its trans-Atlantic contemporary. It is odd, is it not? that side by side with these strong works by women novelists in which the religious element is the dominant one, there should be growing up a school of erotic literature of which also women are the head-masters and ushers, as it were. To our discredit be it said that this growth—an ephemeral one, let us hope—is confined, among English-writing fictionists, almost exclusively to the branch of the Anglo Saxon race that has its home in America.

LAST SUNDAY'S *Herald* contained an odd sort of article about Walt Whitman, written in the first person by an anonymous correspondent on a visit to Philadelphia, and filling just a column's space. It was headed 'Walt Whitman's Words,' and purported to be sent by telegraph. Why a rehash of some of the well-known facts in the old poet's life, supplemented by a few extracts from a diary in which the writer had recorded a few desultory conversations with him, should be sent by telegraph instead of by mail, it would puzzle a night-editor to tell. In the second paragraph it is stated that in June, 1885, Whitman was 'doubtless in

his lowest ebb of poverty, living on the proceeds of "Leaves of Grass," which had amounted to \$56 for 1884, and a little money loaned by a friend.'—Later on, it is said that he received from the sale of the book in 1884, \$200—a discrepancy doubtless due to a mistake of the telegraph operator. After this, "Leaves of Grass," continued its search for publishers. Mr. J. T. Trowbridge interested himself in the work and took it to Ticknor & Fields, and to him Mr. Ticknor said, etc. The firm of Ticknor & Fields has not existed for many years. Again, it is suggested that some day Mr. Stedman may atone for the injustice he has done the old poet. It is needless to say that he has long been a warm personal friend of Whitman's and a great admirer of his work. It will thus be seen that there are some errors in the despatch which can not justly be attributed to the 'operator.'

WHEN MRS. CHANLER came to town last week, a *World* reporter looked in upon her at the Brevoort, and interviewed her. The 'famous little woman' proved to be 'a golden-haired little woman, with big dark eyes, too, an oval face, with peachy color, and full red lips,' through which 'some very nasty headache medicine' had just passed when the reporter called, leaving a taste which it was the 'mission in life' of 'a fragrant heap of big pink roses and some bunches of dull red and purple grapes' to disguise.

If anyone had said to a stranger before entering the room, 'Prepare to meet the author of "The Quick or the Dead,"' and had then flung the door open, only to disclose this pretty feminine little tableau, the probable answer would have been: 'That Amélie Rives? Never! That is only a slip of a girl!' Amélie Rives it was not, but Amélie Rives Chanler it was, and the big, broad-shouldered, strong-limbed young fellow that stood at the back of her chair was the brave man who has gladly run the risk of being known through life as 'Amélie Rives's husband.'

OF COURSE 'The Quick or the Dead?' was discussed.

'And what of "Barbara?" "Poor dear, loving old Barbara?"' The delightful little blue-stocking's dark eyes looked as serious as those of a *Mater Dolorosa*. 'Oh!' she said solemnly, 'Wasn't poor Barbara frightfully misunderstood? She was so real, and so sweet and so unhappy in my mind, and then to think of the way she was maligned, and of the horrible indiscreet things she was made to think and say. There was one comfort to me though, and that was the way that women kept writing to me again and again about her, and her story. I must have had 600 letters in all, I am sure; any number of them were signed Barbara and not more than four out of the whole 600 were in the least critical or were the writers shocked by the story.' 'Barbara,' put in Mrs. Chanler's brave knight-errant, 'Barbara is just what most live girls are like, only they won't own up to it.'

Other subjects of importance were considered after this. Riding and hunting, it appears, are among the things that Mrs. Chanler most enjoys.

'Do you like candy?' was the very serious question that followed, 'I despise it. Fruit I like, and I love pretty gowns and everything that is feminine and soft and picturesque. The conventional refined home life is my delight, and as for doing any of the thousand and one things that have been attributed to me, seriously I do not believe I ever did an eccentric thing in all my life.'

After this 'the boyish-looking husband' broke the thorns off some roses his wife was to carry, and the reporter went away to write up the interview.

MR. R. L. STEVENSON is writing a story for *The New York Ledger*. I shall be interested to see how the publishers advertise it. A very fine 'derangements of epitaphs' may be expected, if their advertisements of 'Fought to the Death,' a 'thrilling historical romance' now running in the shopgirls' own, may be taken as an example of their work in this kind. 'Fought to the Death' is a tale of the Texan revolution, an uprising which, it seems, was noted above all other contests for the desperate valor of the soldiers of the Lone Star State, and the FEROCITY OF THE BATTLES by which they achieved their independence. 'The most terrific and sanguinary fighting' of 'bloodthirsty foes' is its theme; but this 'terrible narrative,' happily for the reader's hours of sleeplessness at night, 'is softened by the pathetic influence shed upon its crimsoned pages by the story of LOUISE LECLERC, the ANGELIC HEROINE of the Alamo, whose inexpressibly thrilling adventures outrival those of Joan of Arc and the Maid of Saragossa combined.' After this, the deluge!

TO A CORRESPONDENT of the Boston *Advertiser* who interviewed him lately at Nahant, Mr. W. D. Howells is reported to have said:

New York is to me a very interesting city. It gives one much the impression of London, that is, in the sense of being a great city. New York is far more cosmopolitan than London. London is homogeneous.

They are overwhelmingly English there. But in New York we find people of all nations in great numbers, and I suppose that it is this quality, also, that gives to the city much of its charm. I regard Boston as the most beautiful city in the world. I will not even except the beautiful cities of Europe. Her suburbs are unsurpassed for beauty and extent. Now New York has practically no suburbs, that is, none through which one can drive and enjoy himself. One cannot get out of New York without crossing a ferry. But of Boston one never tires.

The compliment to New York is one that every Gothamite must appreciate; but the statement that one cannot get out of the city without crossing a ferry is an odd one to come from a Bostonian. Mr. Howells, I should not hesitate to say, has got out of New York a hundred times, at the lowest calculation, without so much as seeing a ferry-boat. I myself perform that feat five or six times a week; and so does every commuter on the New York Central, the New York and New Haven, or the Harlem River Railroad. What ferry did Mr. Howells ever cross on his way from Boston to New York? Nevertheless, what he says about the city's lack of suburbs is only too true. Practically it has none,—unless Boston be accounted a suburb of the metropolis.

Life is nothing if not piquant; but piquancy and personality are not interchangeable terms. It is possible to be exceedingly personal without being at all bright and entertaining; and the editorial paragraph in which THE CRITIC'S sparkling contemporary announces the probable return to America of the Rev. H. R. Haweis, who visited our shores some two or three years ago, is as deficient in wit as it is brutal in intention. I am not to be counted among Mr. Haweis's admirers,—quite the contrary; but nothing that gentleman has ever done—and he has done many things of more than dubious taste and propriety—could justify a respectable paper in referring to his 'majestic asininity,' describing him as a 'pompous simpleton' who has never 'tumbled to himself,' and calling him 'the cad disgusting *par excellence* of all the vast array of cads that the older civilizations have ever inflicted upon us.' This is not the language of a 'high-class' journal of social satire: it is the lingo of the fish-market. *Life* should use a rapier,—not a shillelah. I must like Mr. Haweis less than ever, for turning to mud the caustic ink often used so effectively in the Twenty-third Street 'sanctum.'

The Author of Robert Elsmere

THERE is not much doubt that until within the last five or six months, Mrs. Humphry Ward was unknown, save to the few. Even so short a time ago as 1885 her name found no place among the 'Women of the Day.' It is quite as certain that during these five or six months not many English novelists have been so much talked about and discussed. With 'Robert Elsmere,' or perhaps, to be more exact, with Mr. Gladstone's review of it in *The Nineteenth Century*, Mrs. Ward sprang into notoriety. To those who had no knowledge of her personally, her book made it clear that she was one who not only knew her Oxford well, but was intimate with Oxford life and Oxford people and Oxford traditions. It was, therefore, no surprise to learn that before she became Mrs. Ward, she was a Miss Arnold, and that she is the granddaughter of Dr. Arnold of Rugby, the niece of Matthew Arnold, and the daughter of Thomas Arnold, the editor of many old books, the writer of 'The Encyclopædia Britannica' article on English Literature, and the author of a well-known 'Manual of English Literature.' Mr. Thomas Arnold, it will be remembered, became a Roman Catholic, and for a while was a Professor in the University at Dublin and also at the Oratory School in Birmingham. But he finally settled down to literary life in Oxford.

In 1872 Miss Arnold married Mr. Thomas Humphry Ward, an Oxford man, and at that time a Tutor of Brasenose College. Since then Mr. Ward has given up his tutorship and is now the art-critic of the *Times*. His anthology of English verse, popularly known as Ward's English Poets, is perhaps the best in existence. Mr. and Mrs. Ward live in one of the large, old-fashioned houses in Russell Square, near the British Museum. The Bloomsbury squares are so quiet and pretty, and the houses so comfortable and airy, and the neighborhood so comparatively convenient, that one wonders why so many have deserted this part of London for the out-of-the-way corners of Kensington and Bayswater. However, the Wards can still count among their neighbors Miss

Christina Rossetti and Mr. William Michael Rossetti. Whoever does not know his Bloomsbury has but to turn to 'Robert Elsmere,' where he will find the description of Bedford Square, the London home of the Elsmeres, and but a two minutes' walk from Mrs. Ward's own house. Rumor now has it that Mr. and Mrs. Ward have found for themselves a summer home in Surrey, surely one of the prettiest counties in all England. The place they have bought is near Haslemere, where Tennyson lives several months of the year, and where Mrs. Gilchrist, the friend of Dante Rossetti and Walt Whitman, wrote many of the letters which have lately been given to the world.

Mrs. Ward has published two or three other books, less famous than 'Robert Elsmere;' but none appeared until after she had been married for several years. The first was 'Milly and Olly,' a story for children, illustrated by Mrs. Alma Tadema. How strong is her love for certain parts of England is already shown in this very simple little tale. Her child hero and heroine come from Oxfordshire, and their summer journey, of which the story is the record, is to the Lake country where Robert Elsmere first met Catherine. A good deal of Mrs. Ward's personality can be learned from her books. 'Milly and Olly' was published in 1881. In 1884 it was followed by her first novel, 'Miss Bretherton,' which made some talk at the time because the heroine, an actress, in certain ways suggested Miss Mary Anderson. There was just enough similarity to give people a chance to gossip. Many passages in *Miss Bretherton* clearly reveal Mrs. Ward's great reverence for, and sympathy with, French genius and French ideals. It was this probably that led her to the translation of Amiel's 'Journal Intime,' published in 1885. The 'Journal' is of immense interest to all who care for psychological problems and struggles, but it is a book pre-eminently for the few. Even Matthew Arnold's criticism of it in one of the English magazines could not make the translation popular. Besides her mastery of the French language, shown by this work, it is said that Mrs. Ward knows more about early Spanish literature than almost any woman living. Of 'Robert Elsmere,' we have already spoken. It has been reviewed in almost every paper and magazine, and it bids fair to be as widely read in America as in England.

We understand, by the way, that John W. Lovell Co. are on the point of sending—if indeed they have not already sent—a cheque for \$500 to Mrs. Ward, on account of the sale of their unauthorized cheap reprint of her novel in this country; and that if the sale continues, another cheque for the same amount will follow it. So long as there is no International Copyright or 'courtesy of the trade,' its whilom substitute, there will doubtless be piracy on the high seas of literature; but Mr. Lovell's course in the present instance surely gives him some right to be regarded as a 'moral pirate,' or at least a not wholly immoral one.

Two Inedited Letters of Lamb

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

Lovers of Charles Lamb will be glad to see two letters from his pen which have escaped the eager and loving search even of his latest and best editor, whose edition of the Letters was reviewed in THE CRITIC in the early summer. I find them in an old magazine, *The Mirror*, published in London (Vol. 38, 1841), in a very interesting paper on Lamb's old friend George Dyer, signed 'E. S.' This paper contains a good deal of curious matter besides the letters from Lamb, especially a letter from George Dyer to Mr. William King, 'on the Appearance of Elia's paper entitled "Oxford in the Vacation,"' in No. 10 of *The London Magazine*, in which G. D. tells us a good deal more about himself and the ground of the lovers' quarrel with Lamb than the biographers have seen. I may say, also, that *The Mirror* started in 1823 and, ending possibly with the volume before me, was one of the earliest attempts made in England

to publish a cheap magazine which should be well worth the money. It was well worth the money, but it was not a work in which the editors or collectors of Lamb would think of looking, I suppose, for matter of any special value, and so these letters have escaped their ken.

NEW YORK, Oct. 2, 1888.

ROBERT COLLYER.

I.

From my desk in Leadenhall street, Dec. 5, 1808.

DEAR DYER.—Coleridge is not so bad as your fears have represented him: it is true he is Bury'd, although he is not dead; to understand this quibble you must know that he is at Bury St. Edmunds, relaxing after the fatigues of lecturing and Londonizing. The little Rickmaness whom you inquire after so kindly, thrives and grows apace; she is already a prattler, and 'tis thought that on some future day she may be a speaker. We hold our weekly meetings still at No. 16, where although we are not so high as the top of Malvern we are involved in almost as much mist. Miss B.'s merit 'in every point of view' I am not disposed to question, although I have not been indulged with any view of that lady, back, side or front—fie Dyer, to praise a female in such common market phrases—you who are so courtly and so attentive. My book is not yet out, that is, not my 'Extracts'; my 'Ulysses' is, and waits your acceptance. When you shall come to town, I hope to present you both together, never thinking of your buying the 'Extracts'—half a guinea books were never calculated for my friends. More poets have started up since your departure; William Hazlitt, your friend and mine, is putting to press a collection of verses, chiefly amatory, some of them pretty enough. How these painters encroach on our province! There's Hopper, Shee, Westall, and I don't know who beside, and Tresham. It seems, on confession, that they are not at the top of their own art, when they seek to eke out their fame with the assistance of another's; no large tea-dealer sells cheeses, and no great silversmith deals in razor-straps; it is only your petty dealers who mix commodities. If Nero had been a great emperor he would never have played the violoncello. Who ever caught you Dyer designing a landscape or taking a likeness? I have no more to add, who am a friend of virtue, poetry, and painting, therefore, in an especial manner unalterably thine,

C. LAMB.

To G. Dyer, Esq., Jas. Martin's Wood, Overbury, Worcester-shire.

II.

ENFIELD, 29 April.

DEAR DYER.—As well as a bad pen can do it, I must thank you for your friendly attention to the wishes of our young friend Emma, who was packing up for Bury when your sonnet arrived, and was too hurried to express her sense of its merits. I know she will treasure up that and your second communication among her choicest rarities, as from her grandfather's friend, whom not having seen, she loves to hear talked of. The second letter shall be sent after her, with our first parcel to Suffolk, where she is, to us, alas dead and Bury'd; we sorely miss her. Should you at any hour think of four or six lines, to send her, addressed to herself simply, naming her grandsire, and to wish she may pass through life as much respected, with your own G. Dyer at the end, she would feel rich indeed, for the nature of an Album asks for verses that have not been in print before; but this quite at your convenience; and to be less trouble to yourself, four lines would be sufficient. Enfield has come out in summer beauty. Come when you will and we will give you a bed. Emma has left hers, you know. I remain, my dear Dyer, your affectionate friend,

CHARLES LAMB.

"The Quick or the Dead?"

THERE is very little to be said about 'The Quick or the Dead?' the four-act play founded upon Miss Rives's story of that name, produced at the Fifth Avenue Theatre on Monday night. No skilled dramatist would have attempted so unpromising a task upon his own responsibility. Whatever opinion may be entertained of the literary or analytical character of the book, it is plainly devoid of the qualities chiefly necessary to effective theatrical representation, and it is evident that the present adapter had no idea beyond the hope of profiting by the use of a title made notorious by the newspapers. He appears to be without either literary sense or dramatic instinct, and his so-called psychological study is a tissue of stale and tedious nonsense. It is not easy to decide whether his humor or his pathos is the sillier. His dilution of the original dialogue certainly affords no

cause for reproof, but in the process of disinfection he has robbed the principal characters of every attribute of flesh and blood. His widow is only a sentimental simpleton who does not know her own mind, whose scruples are little better than affectations, and whose final surrender is so certain that it is impossible to feel even a languid interest in her fate. No acting, however good, could have saved the piece from failure, but capable performers might have averted the certainty of utter collapse. What induced Miss Estelle Clayton, a young actress of limited experience and no emotional power, to court comparisons most perilous to what little artistic reputation she may enjoy, is a mystery. The fact remains that her weakness precipitated the disaster for which the author had made preparation. It should be added that the fortune of the piece can have no possible bearing upon the vexed question of the merits of Miss Rives's work.

M. Coquelin

M. BENOÎT-CONSTANT COQUELIN, the distinguished comedian, will make his first appearance in this country at Wallack's Theatre, on Monday evening. M. Coquelin was born in 1841, and is consequently in his prime. There is no actor on the French stage to-day whose name is more familiar to American ears, and whose appearance here would be awaited with keener anticipations of delight. To many of us his presence is a familiar one; and to the many more who have not yet had an opportunity of seeing him in the flesh, his portraits have long been known. From these it appears that he bears a striking resemblance to one of our own comedians, Mr. Stuart Robson. His fame on this side of the Atlantic has been contributed to of late by various articles in the magazines, beginning with one by Mr. W. E. Henley, its then editor, in *The Magazine of Art* for February, 1885, and continuing with Mr. Henry James's paper in *The Century* for January, 1887, and Mr. Brander Matthews's in *Scribner's Monthly* for February, 1887. M. Coquelin's own writings on the subject of 'The Actor and his Art,' familiar to the Harper clientele, have added still further to his reputation, and the consequent desire to see him and form one's own judgment of his powers. Simply as a matter of interest, and with no view to forestalling independent criticism, or unduly prejudicing American opinion in M. Coquelin's favor, we make room for a few extracts from the more notable tributes to his genius. The first is from Mr. Henley's paper, 'In Character,' in *The Magazine of Art*.

M. Coquelin is so excellent an actor that, under Salvini (who is above all rules and beyond comparison), I know not where to look for his equal. Mr. Henry James said of him years ago that he had more temperament than M. Got and as much art, and I agree with Mr. Henry James. He has played many parts, and—good, bad, and indifferent—he has played them all incomparably. Nature intended him for a great actor; education and opportunity have made him a great artist. It is recorded of him that at the beginning, as Regnier's pupil (he is Regnier's best work) he failed, and failed conspicuously. With his wide mouth and brilliant eye, his impudent nose and vibrant voice, he seemed designed by nature for the prince of Scapins and Mascarilles; but his first efforts in this direction were far from notable, and when Regnier, changing completely the bent of his education, began to train him for the performance of old men's parts, and produced him finally as the Orgon of the 'Tartuffe,' the result was a cruel fiasco. It was, so far as I know, the last with which this admirable actor has been credited. He resumed his practice upon the heroic rascaldom of Molière and Regnard, and at four-and-twenty or so he made his first great hit as the Figaro of the 'Mariage.' He was half dead, they say, with stage fright, and his weakness aiding, he played the part in a tragic vein that was accepted as not a blunder but a revelation. Since then he has touched nothing which he has not adorned. Whatever he does is done with such a combination of art and temperament, with so much accomplishment and so much intelligence at once, as to stand out, however good its surroundings, as a perfect expression of histrionics.

All critics agree in pronouncing M. Coquelin's voice an organ of extraordinary workmanship, but none has described

it so graphically and at such length as Mr. James in his *Century* essay.

Don Cesar is Coquelin and M. Thouvenin is Coquelin, because on the lips both of Don Cesar and of M. Thouvenin there sits a faculty of vocalization, as one may call it, which is peculiar to the artist who embodies them, and surely one of the most marvellous the stage has ever known. It may be said that M. Coquelin's voice betrays him; that he cannot get away from it, and that whatever he does with it, one is always reminded that only he can do such things. His voice, in short, perpetually, loudly identifies him. Its life and force are such that the auditor sometimes feels as if it were running away with him—taking a holiday, performing antics and gyrations on its own account. The only reproach it would ever occur to me to make to the possessor of it is, that he perhaps occasionally loses the idea while he listens to the sound. But such an organ may well beguile the ear even of him who has toiled to forge and polish it; it is impossible to imagine anything more directly formed for the stage, where the prime necessity of every effort is that it shall 'tell.' When Coquelin speaks, the sound is not sweet and caressing, though it adapts itself beautifully, as I have hinted, to effects of gentleness and pathos; it has no analogy with the celebrated and delicious murmur of Delaunay, the enchanting cadences and semitones of that artist, also so accomplished, so perfect. It is not primarily the voice of a lover, or rather (for I hold that any actor—such is the indulgence of the public to this particular sentiment—may be a lover with any voice) it is not primarily, like that of M. Delaunay, the voice of love. There is no reason why it should have been, for the passion of love is not what M. Coquelin has usually had to represent. . . . If M. Coquelin's voice is not sweet, it is extraordinarily clear, firm, and ringing, and it has an unsurpassable distinctness, a peculiar power to carry. As I write I seem to hear it ascend like a rocket to the great hushed dome of the theatre of the Rue de Richelieu. It vibrates, it lashes the air, it seems to proceed from some mechanism still more scientific than the human throat. In the great cumulative tirades of the old comedy, the difficulties of which are pure sport for M. Coquelin, it flings down the words, the verses, as a gamester precipitated by a run of luck flings louis d'or upon the table.

The following quotation is from Mr. Matthews's 'Theatres of Paris,' published by Chas. Scribner's Sons in 1880.

After M. Coquelin had been graduated from the Conservatory, and had entered the Français, he was assigned a part in a new play. His delight was but short, for the author, to oblige an old actor, Provost, gave it to Provost's son. To console M. Coquelin for his disappointment, the manager offered him, novice as he was, the choice of a part. He chose Figaro, the valet in 'The Marriage of Figaro,' and for four acts he was so frightened that everything failed him; but in the fifth act he recovered himself and conquered his audience, and from that time to this no one has disputed his title to the whole line of valets. In many other parts in Molière's plays, although especially in the valets, which he fills with a rushing and turbulent gayety, absolutely irresistible, M. Coquelin has been successful, imprinting on each a definite individuality.

Of late, M. Coquelin has chosen to try for tears as well as laughter. They lie perilously close together. But the actor knew his powers, and won new laurels in a new field. Some of the best of his later parts mingle tears with smiles—notably in the 'Tabarin' of his friend, M. Paul Ferrier, one of the most promising of the younger dramatists of France. In this play he is represented as married, and he and his wife belong to a company of mountebanks. The great scene of the piece shows us the stage of the strolling company, with Tabarin playing the part of a deceived and abandoned husband. While he is amusing the crowd with his droll grief, he discovers that his wife has actually eloped. His feeling breaks at once through the paint of the clown, and he weeps real tears, but the silly crowd applaud only the more, and cannot see the breaking heart beneath. It may be imagined what opportunity such a part affords to an actor, and what advantage M. Coquelin takes of it. His interest in M. Ferrier's play is none the less for the fact that the piece was written under his eye and at his suggestion—the author's original intention having been to use the situation in the libretto of a grand opera, in which M. Faure, the great baritone, should sing Tabarin. Another play which M. Ferrier has written for M. Coquelin is called 'At the Lawyer's,' and shows a quarrelling husband and wife meeting in the presence of the man of law. It is a comic treat to see Mlle. Sarah-Bernhardt trying to vie in volubility with M. Coquelin, before the face of the astonished lawyer, who cannot get in a word edgewise. In M. Dumas's latest play, the 'Etrangère,' he is shown in still another class of character: here he is a villain of the deepest dye, but of the utmost polish and the noblest birth. . . . But a truly great actor is greatest in the greatest part, and perhaps M. Coquelin is seen at his best in the

rich comic characters of Molière's noble comedies. He is the ideal Mascarille—quick-witted, light-fingered, loud-mouthed, and long-winded. And he is scarcely less admirable as the timid servant of 'Don Juan,' or in the three or four parts he chooses to play in 'Les Facheux.' Upon him more than upon any other rests the future of classic comedy at the Théâtre Français.

The Fine Arts

Art Notes

GALLANT Prince Rupert, who fought in England for his ill-fated relative Charles I., is seldom represented in New York art-collections, and therefore we welcome the opportunity of studying some of his plates which Mr. F. Meder offers us in the new collection of rare old prints exhibited by him at the Klackner gallery. The inventor of the mezzotint process was Ludwig von Siegen, who became the instructor of Prince Rupert. The Prince Palatine was no mean artist. His large plate 'The Executioner,' after Spagnoletto, is as good as any known, and the portrait of himself, of which Mr. Meder shows a fine impression, is almost as satisfactory. The line of mezzotints includes a rare example of the work of Theodor Caspar von Furstenberg, who learned the art from Prince Rupert, and splendid plates after Rembrandt by those famous Eighteenth Century engravers, James Macardell and William Pether. A complete set of Vandyck's etchings, eighteen portraits of prominent persons of his time, and two religious subjects, show the same free, delicate, broad handling as his oils, with just vigor enough to save his manner from the reproach of weakness. A good collection of etchings by Rembrandt and three fine plates by Albrecht Dürer are other interesting features in this valuable collection.

—Mr. Klackner has recently published several important new plates, among them being a large and effective etching, with considerable depth of color and good quality of tone, by Thomas Moran. It is called 'The Gate of Venice,' and is taken from a group of barges off the Riva dei Schiavoni, looking towards the Ducal Palace. Mr. Freer's large etching, 'Love's Token,' showing a handsome girl gazing at a rose, contains firm, nervous lines and makes a nice piece of decoration. Some etchings by W. L. Lathrop and W. C. Bauer, and Elbridge Kingsley's unusually good engraving of Daubigny's 'Summer Afternoon,' in the Spencer collection, complete a well-chosen group of publications.

—Thomas Moran's 'Mountain of the Holy Cross,' reproduced from his own large painting of that name, is the second plate issued by the Society of American Etchers, of which Mr. Moran is President.

—The Architectural League held its first meeting for the season last Monday evening. The hanging committee and the jury for the approaching exhibition, the fourth, were elected. It is proposed to hire and furnish a suitable club-house. The aim of the League is to bring together artists, architects, decorators, sculptors and other persons interested in the related branches of art.

—The suicide last Monday of Mr. Edward Greey, the Japanese specialist, in a moment of melancholy caused by ill-health, will inspire THE CRITIC'S readers with a feeling of regret. Mr. Greey's knowledge of Japanese art, his wide experience as a traveller in Japan, and his thorough knowledge of the Japanese language, caused him to fill a place in the New York art-world which will long be vacant. A half-hour's talk with him in the midst of the magnificent bronzes and exquisite porcelains which he loved with the affection of a born artist and Orientalist, was an intellectual experience not lightly to be forgotten. Mr. Greey combined artistic knowledge with literary ability, and as a translator of Japanese works of fiction occupied a unique position in the world of American letters.

—The artists of New York are now querying among themselves as to the appointment of a Fine Art Commissioner for the approaching Paris Exposition. It is said that a meeting will soon be held at the Academy of Design to discuss the question of sending a collection to the Exposition.

—A Scotch-American artist named George Linen died last week at his home in Bloomingdale, N. J., at the age of eighty-seven. He was trained at the Royal Scottish Academy in Edinburgh, followed his profession in England, and came to America in 1834. He opened a studio in New York and made a reputation as a painter of cabinet-portraits. Among his sitters were Henry Clay and Daniel Webster. In 1839 he received a medal from the National Academy of Design for the best portrait exhibited.

MISS ANNA KATHERINE GREEN, the author of the famous 'Leavenworth Case' and other detective stories, is guilty of only one literary affectation, it is said, and that is the jealous preservation of the old stumps of her pencils, with which she has written her tales.

The Magazines

THEODORE CHILD, who seems to have become a 'permanence' in Harper's *Monthly*, opens the current issue with one of his art papers on 'Lithographs and its Industries.' The illustrations seem hardly up to the requirements of the article, however, and add little light to the text, which is very readable. The second paper is the promised one on 'Western Journalism,' by Z. L. White, which, in addition to its historical and critical interest, has annexed to it a perfect picture-gallery of Western editors. 'Home Uses of Mineral Waters' is the theme of a hygienic paper by Dr. Titus Munson Coan; and following comes 'La Verette and the Carnival in St. Pierre,' by Lafcadio Hearn, in which, in diaristic form, he describes in his highly picturesque way the scenes of the plague that fell under his personal observation. The 'Studies of the Great West' are continued by Charles Dudley Warner, who writes of St. Louis and Kansas City, whose marvellous growth reads like that of Jack's bean-stalk, for the older municipality yet lacks twenty years of a century. 'Neptune's Shore' is a tale by Constance Fenimore Woolson, in which the tragic and pathetic are interwoven very admirably, the plains of Salerno and the Temples of Paestum being introduced as a background. Mrs. Pennell's second paper on her own and her husband's 'Journey to the Hebrides' also appears, but so far removed from Mr. Black's 'In Far Lochaber' as to prevent any possible fracas between the two. There are, as usual, some 'Old English Songs,' illustrated by Abbey and Parsons; and an instalment of 'Annie Kilburn,' while the poetry of the number is contributed by Margaret Deland, in a characteristically graceful bit, called 'Flax Flowers,' and Robert Burns Wilson, in 'Where Summer Bides.' The Easy Chair has a kind word to say of the much-derided Browning Clubs. 'It is not only for the light that they throw upon Browning, but for that rosy hue which is cast upon American prospects, that the Browning clubs are interesting and suggestive. They are the happy heralds of the future.' Of Mr. James's latest magazine stories, Mr. Howells is not stinted in his praise. Masterpieces, he calls them; 'masterpieces, we say, since the language does not hold their betters for a high perfection of literary execution at all points.' Of his latest novel he says: 'It is extraordinary that anyone could read "The Reverberator" and not cry out in grateful recognition of its thorough Americanism.' Mr. Warner, who has already ingratiated himself with the Western half of our people, now 'makes himself solid' (to use a homely but expressive phrase) with the better half of our people East and West, by pronouncing American women on the whole more interesting than any others—a statement 'not made boastfully, but simply as a market quotation, as one might say.'

The face of Emma Lazarus which looks out from the frontispiece of *The Century* for August and haunts us as we turn the pages in reading, is almost one's ideal of a poet's face. The features, it is true, are just a trifle heavy, but there is such sweetness in the lips and such loving-tenderness shining from the eyes, that we forget any minor defect in the spirituality of the whole. It is the face of a religious. One is glad to know that the sweet singer of modern Israel looked like this, before illness left its marks upon her, as it had begun to do in her last years. The engraving accompanies an unsigned sketch of her, brief but crowded life, which has about it the pathos of all purposeful lives ended before their time; for the poet was but thirty-eight when she died. 'To be a Jewess was a distinction for Emma Lazarus and she in turn conferred distinction upon her race,' says her biographer; and 'the stamp and heritage of a race born to suffer' was her birth-right, she adds elsewhere, in explanation of the unrelieved sombreness of her music. In 'An English Deer-Park' from Richard Jeffries we have a pleasing glimpse, both through text and illustrations, of a preserve in the 'tight little isle,' and a delightful study in natural history. 'Army Hospitals and Glimpses' is the title of a few vivid pages from Walt Whitman's diary while tending the sick and wounded at Washington. It is one of the most striking of the memoranda of the War, and will outlast thousands of such papers by eye-witnesses of inferior literary skill. 'Frontier Types' is a paper from Theodore Roosevelt illustrated by Remington, of which the cowboy is the hero, and trappers, horse-thieves, greasers, claim-jumpers, and all the other *dramatis personæ* of Bret Harte's stories are sketched in Mr. Roosevelt's vigorous manner. The artist's drawing, 'Dance Higher, Dance Faster,' is a comedy in itself—to every one, that is, except the dancer. Edward P. Clark has a timely article on 'The New Political Generation,' in which he says, 'the Union has been re-constructed upon an enduring basis; now the Government itself is to be reconstructed; the slavery of human bondage has been abolished; the servitude of the spoils system is now to be done away with.' George Kennan's Siberian paper is entitled 'The Tomsk Forwarding Prison,' and a heartrending picture it paints. Lieut. Wm. R. Hamilton writes of 'American Machine

Cannon and Dynamite Guns.' The history of 'Abraham Lincoln' is continued by Nicolay and Hay, and there is a symposium on 'Our National Military System.' In the way of fiction the last part of T. A. Janvier's 'Mexican Campaign' appears; Maud Howe has a short story called 'A Strike'; and H. S. Edward 'An Idyl of Sinkin' Mount'in'. In poetry there is a lovely little bit from Miss Lazarus called 'Restlessness'; 'Apart,' by Orelia Key Bell; 'O Music,' by Mrs. Spofford; 'The Lesson of the Leaves,' by Col. Higginson; 'A Rainbow Study,' by Frances L. Mace; 'As Bells in a Chime,' by Robert U. Johnson, and 'Sappho,' in forty-three stanzas, by Henry W. Austin.

The feature of the October *Scribner's* is undoubtedly Lester Wallack's 'Memories of the Last Fifty Years,' with the vigorous portrait of the dead actor. The picture is from a negative by Cox made not long before Mr. Wallack's death. It is a masterly example both of photography and engraving, the strength and beauty of which are lessened only by the painful evidences of failing strength. The stout-hearted old player seems to have braced himself up for the occasion, and assumed a look that belied his actual feelings. Another picture, which may better satisfy the survivors of his old audiences, is the drawing from one of Brady's photographs dated about 1870, which conveys something of the old-time beauty of the well-remembered hyacinthine locks and resolute nose and eyes. The 'Memories' themselves are prefaced with a delicate note of introduction, and are told simply and gracefully. The opening article of the number is by Edward L. Wilson, on 'The Temples of Egypt,' profusely and clearly illustrated. 'Problems in American Politics' is the title of the contribution of the Hon. Hugh McCulloch, which is doubly interesting at this season; and Gustav Kobbé has a paper called 'Behind the Scenes of an Opera-House,' which to the uninitiated will have somewhat of the attraction of a fairy-tale. The series of chapters on the railroad are continued in a paper by Arthur T. Hadley on 'The Railroad and its Business Relations,' accompanied by portraits of the railroad kings—George Stephenson, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Thomas A. Scott, and the elder Garrett among others. The short story this time is 'Charity,' by H. H. Boyesen; and, as usual, the last few pages are reserved for Robert Louis Stevenson, who fills them with some 'Contributions to the History of Fife' in his inimitable manner. The poets represented are C. P. Cranch, in 'Two Grecian Myths'; Frank Tooker, in 'Romance'; and Elizabeth Fairchild, in a sonnet, on the 'Sea in October.' Mr. F. J. Stimson's 'First Harvest' runs on into another number.

The Nuova Antologia for September is just a little more enlivening than usual. There is some curious backstairs gossip about 'Madame Letitia,' Napoleon's mother, who went to Siena for a short time after the fall of her famous son. She was noted for her general meanness and avarice, and the Siense got rid of her as soon as possible for political reasons. A 'Senator of the Kingdom' writes of that part of Italy called Romagna, of which Bologna is one of the principal cities, from the standpoint of commercial progress and political peace. A serial, 'The Case of the Professor,' by F. De Renzis, relating the sorrows of an old man and a young wife, is, happily for the reader, brought to an end. O. Marucchi's paper on the recent discoveries at the Catacombs of Priscilla at Rome, which are considered to be the most ancient of all the Roman catacombs, is very interesting.

As has been long announced, the present *Lippincott's* is the E. P. Roe memorial number, and contains, besides the dead author's 'Queen of Spades,' the good-humored, frank and dignified autobiographical paper, 'A Native Author Called Roe,' and 'Some Words about E. P. Roe' by the editor, Wm. S. Walsh. In his autobiography, Mr. Roe says, in his characteristic way: 'I have my weaknesses. I am sadly human, and I know it. And if I ever had any influence over souls, either as a minister of the gospel or as a writer, it is because of my consciousness of these weaknesses. Criminals and outcasts have travelled long distances to make me a sort of father-confessor, but through all their crimes and vices I have never failed to recognize the kinship that existed between us. And I trust I have been of assistance to these poor souls.' 'Brown Bread and Baked Beans' is the vulgar and thread-bare title of a study in Bostonese by F. N. Zabriskie; Fanny Davenport has 'Some Childish Memories,' which prove to be decidedly childish; John Habberton begins a serial story entitled 'At Last: Six Days in the Life of an Ex-Teacher'; Judge Tourgee's 'With Guage and Swallow' is continued; there is also a paper signed G. S. R., headed 'Among the Flowers,' and Howard Seely contributes a short story of Paris, 'Two Casts of the Die.' The poetry of the number is very plentiful, and represents the varied work of Danske Dandridge, Stuart Sterne, Wilson K. Welsh, Margaret H. Lawless, and Daniel L. Dawson. On the whole the number seems improved by the exclusion of the long novel.

Notes

'GLORINDA,' by Anna Bowman Dodd, will be the first original novel in Roberts Bros' Handy Library, which opened with the English 'Story of an African Farm.' It is to appear next week. Mrs. Dodd's 'Cathedral Days' is in its sixth edition, and her 'Republic of the Future,' published by Cassell & Co., has been added to their National Library.

—Mrs. Humphry Ward's translation of Henri Frederic Amiel's 'Journal Intime' will soon appear in a cheap edition from the Macmillan press.

—Little, Brown & Co. are publishing a handsome new library edition, in ten volumes, of the works of Alexandre Dumas, to be called the 'D'Artagnan Romances.' The novels are translated into English without abridgment. Among them are 'The Three Musketeers,' 'Twenty Years After,' and 'The Vicomte de Bragelonne'—the last in six volumes itself, in agreement with the author's original arrangement. This is the book Mr. Stevenson 'raves over.'

—Apropos of the recent commemoration of Bunyan's death and the timely appearance of Precentor Venables's biography, Mr. Labouchere last week cabled as follows:

It is alleged that John Bunyan was a plagiarist, and that the 'Pilgrim's Progress' is a literal translation from the French of the work entitled 'Ye Pilgrimage of Ye Soule,' by Guillaume de Guilleville, a monk of the Fifteenth Century, a translation of which was printed by Caxton in 1483. It is believed that a copy of the original French manuscript is to be found either in the British Museum or in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, and it might be worth while to search for it in order that the question may be decided.

—Gerald Massey, the poet, has put a book to press and sailed for America on a lecturing tour.

—Max O'Rell has completed his book about America but has not yet begun the translation into English, which he will do with his wife's assistance. The French, English and American editions will be issued simultaneously about January. Touching the matter of copyright, the following story is told in the *World* about M. Blouët and his American collaborator.

He was very much amused with an elevator boy in a Boston hotel. In England an elevator is called a 'lift.' Max O'Rell questioned the boy one day about his experiences with the queer people he came across and the little fellow told one or two very original anecdotes. He was promptly taken into partnership. An agreement was actually drawn up between Max O'Rell and the elevator boy, by which the lad became a collaborator in writing the book and will get one dollar on every thousand copies sold. He wrote out his own anecdotes, and his 'copy' will go to the printers. 'The boy had often given me a lift,' said Max O'Rell, 'and I thought it would be only fair to give him a lift. So I took him into partnership.' The author's idea in this curious proceeding is to obviate possible difficulty in protecting his copyright. He says that the boy's name shall appear on the title-page, if necessary.

—In the October *Writer*, 'How to Write a Story,' 'The Importance of Style in Newspaper Work,' 'The Writer's Aim,' 'To Author-Publishers,' 'Whittier's Advice to a Boy,' 'My Struggle With the Short Story,' 'The Illustration of Magazine Articles,' and 'What Are Newspaper Ethics?' are the taking titles of articles contributed by experienced writers.

—Mr. Carl Schurz has been asked to write the Life of Lincoln for the American Statesmen Series.

—Roberts Bros. announce a book that will be of interest just now to many people, called 'The Pilgrim's Scrip; or, the Wit and Wisdom of George Meredith.' It will contain a portrait with a biographical and critical introduction.

—The serial 'Muriel,' which has been running in the *Revue Bleue*, is a translation from Wm. H. Bishop.

—The October numbers of the Ticknor's Paper Series are 'Doctor Ben,' by Orlando Witherspoon, and Mary Hallock Foote's 'John Bodewin's Testimony.'

—Franklin Simmons's bronze statue of Longfellow was unveiled at Portland, Me., the poet's birthplace, on Sept. 29. It is more than life-size and stands in a little triangular plot of ground at the intersection of State, Pine and Congress Streets. The poet is seated in an armchair, on the back of which rests his right hand, while the left lies in his lap and holds a scroll of paper. The statue and pedestal cost \$12,000, and the first subscription came in 1882 from T. W. Brockelhurst of Heybury Hall, near Macclesfield, England, who sent \$5. Up to the 8th of September there was lacking \$2000, but the whole sum was secured in a few days. The statue was unveiled by a Portland artist, Mr. Harry Brown, in the presence of about 5000 people, among whom were the poet's daughter, Mrs. Dana, his brother Alexander, his nephew Henry Dana, and

his sisters, Mrs. Greenleaf of Cambridge and Mrs. Pierce of Portland. A prelude, written by George E. B. Jackson, was read by a pupil of the High School, and then Longfellow's 'Psalm of Life' was sung by a hundred school-children under the direction of Mrs. Merrill, the teacher of singing in the public schools. After this followed an oration by the Hon. Charles F. Libby, President of the Statue Association, and the closing address of Mayor Chapman, who accepted the statue in behalf of the city. The Hon. Stanley T. Pullen next read a poem by Mrs. E. Cavazza, written for the occasion. Mr. Simmons, the sculptor, is himself a Maine man, and began his career at Portland, whence he went to Rome, where he has since remained. He was personally acquainted with Mr. Longfellow.

—Roberts Bros. will issue in the Famous Women Series the biography of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, by John H. Ingram, editor of the series.

—Mrs. Cashel Hoey is translating the Duc de Broglie's 'Marie Thérèse' into English and Gaston Guillaïn is to translate Motley's 'Dutch Republic' into French. The Duc d'Aumale is now correcting the proofs of his monumental work, the 'History of the Princes de Condé.'

—The Scribners will bring out a cheap edition of Thackeray's 'Letters.'

—Miss Forence Warden's 'St. Cuthbert's Tower,' now running in *Cassell's Saturday Journal*, is a story of north country life in England.

—The publication of Stanley Lane-Poole's biography of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe is promised very soon now by Longmans, Green & Co. There will be a special interest in its appearance to Americans, in that Henry Clay, John Quincy Adams and other statesmen of that time are touched upon in the period between 1820 and 1823, when Lord Stratford represented Great Britain at Washington.

—Charles Scribner's Sons are defendants in a suit which has arisen out of some complications regarding 'The Encyclopædia Britannica.' The plaintiff, the Rev. Edward C. Towne of Cambridge, Mass., claims that the Messrs. Scribner employed him to index the work, and that when he had partially accomplished this, the defendants broke the contract. The suit was on trial this week before Judge Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., in Boston.

—John B. Alden will publish soon an illustrated history of the Republican party from its origin to the present year, by E. V. Smalley.

—Clinton Scollard, the poet, has been elected to an assistant professorship of rhetoric at Hamilton College.

—*The Century* promises for its new volume, which begins in November, a most tempting display of literary wares. In addition to the features to which we have already alluded, there will be a collection of 'strange, true stories of Louisiana,' prepared by George W. Cable; John La Farge's notes and studies in Japan; supplementary War articles, among which will be one on 'Lyrics of the War' and one on 'Beecher at Liverpool'; and the continuation of the Siberian papers, in one of which Mr. Kennan will describe an interview with the Grand Lama. 'The Romance of Dollard' will be the name of the serial by the recently discovered author, Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

—In the new volume of *St. Nicholas* there will be a serial of adventure in the Arctic regions by Gen. Greely, and kindred articles by Lieut. Schwatka, Ensign John H. Gibbons, and Charles F. Holder.

—Two volumes of collected essays from the pen of the late Mark Pattison will soon issue from the Clarendon Press.

—The following autograph has been sent to Miss Mary Lee, the daughter of the celebrated Confederate General, for her album: 'I have personally known only two men who were real heroes. The one was Gen. Lee of Virginia, the other was Gen. Charles Gordon. Both these patriots despised party politicians. Wolseley.' Mr. Gladstone has copied for Miss Lee's album these lines from George Herbert:

He that aims the moon
Shoots higher far than he who means a tree.

—Macmillan & Co. announce for the autumn 'The Complete Works of William Wordsworth,' with an introductory essay by John Morley; 'The American Commonwealth,' by James Bryce; 'Essays in Criticism: Second Series,' by Matthew Arnold, with an introductory note by Lord Coleridge; a new volume of 'Essays,' by Prof. Huxley; 'Walpole,' in the Twelve English Statesmen Series, by John Morley; a new edition of Mr. Justice Stephens's 'General View of the Animal Law of England'; 'Wild Beasts and their Ways in Asia, Africa and America, from 1845 to 1888,' by Sir Samuel W. Baker; 'Letters of Thomas Carlyle, 1826-1836,'

edited by Prof. Norton; 'William George Ward and the Oxford Movement,' by Wilfred Ward; 'Thomas Poole and his Friends,' by Mrs. Sandford; 'A Tour in Holland and Germany,' by the Rev. J. P. Mahaffy; 'An Investigation of the Principles of Athenian Architecture,' by Francis Cranmer Penrose, with numerous engravings by William W. Lloyd; 'Coaching Days and Coaching Ways,' by Outram Tristram, with illustrations by Hugh Thomson and Herbert Railton; 'Roman Mosaics: or Studies in Rome and its Neighborhood,' by Dr. Hugh Macmillan; 'Essays, Theological and Literary,' by R. H. Hutton; Kant's 'Kritik,' in one volume, translated and edited by J. P. Mahaffy and J. H. Bernard; 'The Weaker Vessel,' by Christie Murray; 'The Countess Eve,' by J. H. Shorthouse; 'The Aspern Papers, and Other Stories,' by Henry James; 'Beechcroft at Rockstone,' by C. M. Yonge; and 'Kophetua the Thirteenth,' by Julian Corbett.

Messrs. Macmillan announce also the Novels and Tales of Charlotte M. Yonge, in twenty-seven volumes, with all the original illustrations, to be published fortnightly: 'The Bampton Lectures for 1887,' by the Bishop of Ripon; 'The Bible: What it is and What it is not: a Word to the Multitude,' by Archdeacon Farrar, and 'The Lives of the Fathers,' by the same author; 'The Spiritual Life and Other Sermons,' by the Rev. J. E. C. Welland; 'Some Contributions to the Religious Thought of Our Time,' by the Rev. James M. Wilson; 'University Sermons, New and Old,' by the Very Rev. Charles J. Vaughan; 'The Epistle to the Hebrews,' English text, with commentary, edited by Rev. F. Rendall; 'The Classical Element in the New Testament,' by the Rev. C. H. Hoole; Plato's 'Phaedrus, Lysis, and Protagoras,' translated by the Rev. Josiah Wright (Golden Treasury Series); and 'A Christmas Posy,' by Mrs. Molesworth, with illustrations by Walter Crane.

—Robert Buchanan will soon publish his autobiography under the title of 'A Poet's Pilgrimage.'

—George Bancroft, the historian, passed his eighty-eighth birthday at Newport on Wednesday. The day was quietly spent in receiving the friends who crowded the house to congratulate the distinguished old gentleman on his good health, and in opening notes and telegrams of congratulation. Among the latter were felicitations from Admiral Gherardi and George William Curtis. Mr. Bancroft will leave Newport for Washington on Tuesday.

—The Harpers have in preparation the 'Life and Letters of John Lothrop Motley,' edited by his daughter, Lady Vernon Harcourt.

—Mr. Stevenson has at last been heard from. The yacht Casco, about five weeks out from San Francisco, arrived at Nuka-Hiva about July 28. All on board were fairly well. From their anchorage in the bay, Mr. Stevenson often went ashore, and walked and talked (presumably through an interpreter) with the natives, whom he found courteous and good-hearted and splendid-looking fellows. He writes every day, and is in much better health than when he was in the Adirondacks. The Casco was to remain for two or three weeks at this point and then visit Taiohae, Hiva-Oa, the great tattooing island, and the Tahiti Islands. Mr. Stevenson is writing a series of letters for the publication of which Mr. S. S. McClure has contracted with newspapers in America, Europe, India and Australia. It is expected that they will be published weekly, beginning with the new year.

—Hachette's last catalogue announces Prof. Guyot's 'Géographie Physique Comparée,' now first published in the original French.

—Scribner & Welford include in their juvenile announcements for the autumn 'The Cat of Bombastes: a Story of Ancient Egypt'; 'Bonnie Prince Charlie: a Tale of Fontenoy and Culloden'; 'For the Temple: a Tale of the Fall of Jerusalem'; 'In Freedom's Cause: a Story of Wallace and Bruce'; 'The Lion of the North: a Tale of Gustavus Adolphus The Young Carthaginian: a Story of the times of Hannibal'; 'True to the Old Flag: a Tale of the American War of Independence'; 'The Bravest of the Brave: or, With Peterborough in Spain'; 'For Name and Fame; or, Through Afghan Passes'; 'The Dragon and the Raven; or, The Days of King Alfred'; 'In the Reign of Terror: the Adventures of a Westminster Boy'; 'Orange and Green: a Tale of the Boyne and Limerick'; 'With Clive in India; or, the Beginnings of an Empire'; 'A Final Reckoning: a Tale of Bush Life in Australia'; 'With Wolfe in Canada; or, The Winning of a Continent'; 'Under Drake's Flag: a Tale of the Spanish Main'; 'Through the Fray: a Story of the Luddite Riots'; 'St. George for England: a Tale of Cressy and Poitiers'; 'By Sheer Pluck: a Tale of the Ashanti War'; 'Facing Death: a Tale of the Coal Mines'; 'Quicksilver' and 'Dick o' the Fens,' by George Manville Fenn; 'Missing,' 'The Congo Rovers,' 'The Log of the Flying Fish' and 'The Rover's Secret,' by Harry Collingwood; 'Under False Colors,' by Sarah Doudney; 'The Girls Annual: 1888'; 'Giannetta,' by Rosa Mulholland; and 'The Boys Own Annual: 1888.'

The Free Parliament

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS.

No. 1400.—Where can a copy of 'Mexico under Maximilian,' by Kendall, be bought or consulted? I do not find it on the catalogues of leading libraries. It was published in London about 1871 or '72 by Newby or the Longmans, I think.

HARTFORD, CONN.

N. F. P.

No. 1401.—Where can I get a circular of the Adirondacks health-resort referred to by R. L. Stevenson in a letter quoted in THE CRITIC last year?

CHAMBERSBURGH, PA.

J. S.

[Address, Manager of the Adirondack Cottages for the Treatment of Pulmonary Disease, Saranac Lake, N.Y.]

No. 1402.—I am desirous of learning on what day of the month Robert Browning and Mrs. Browning were born and died. Also, on what day of the month Marion Crawford, Blackmore, and George MacDonald were born.

NEW YORK.

T. C. W.

[The past tense of the verb 'to die' is, happily, not yet applicable to Mr. Browning's state; at last reports he was as well as at any time since May 12, 1812, on which day he was born. Mrs. Browning was born March 4, 1809, and died June 29, 1861. Marion Crawford 'first saw the light' on Aug. 2, 1854.]

Publications Received

Receipt of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. Where no address is given the publication is issued in New York.

- Ames, L. T. Great Thoughts for Little Thinkers. \$1.50..... G. P. Putnam's Sons.
 Bain, A. English Composition and Rhetoric \$1.40..... D. Appleton & Co.
 Cannan, E. Elementary Political Economy. 25c..... Macmillan & Co.
 Chamber's Encyclopædia. Vol. II. Beauchamp to Cataract. \$3.
 Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co.
 Clough, A. H. Poems. \$2..... Macmillan & Co.
 Dunlop, J. C. History of Prose Fiction. 2 vols..... Scribner & Welford.
 Eaton, C. A. Water-Go Days..... Scribner, Welford & Co.
 Eggleston, E. The Graysons..... The Century Co.
 Enault, J. The Captain's Dog. \$1..... T. Y. Crowell & Co.
 Everett, C. C. Poetry, Comedy, and Duty. \$1.50.
 Cambridge: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
 Ewald, E. C. The Tatler. \$1..... Frederick Warne & Co.
 Farrington, M. V. Tales of King Arthur..... G. P. Putnam's Sons.
 Five Talents of Women, The. \$1.25..... Chas. Scribner's Sons.
 Fowler, W. W. Tales of the Birds. \$2.50..... Macmillan & Co.
 Frazier, H. S. Institutions of Quintilian. Books 20 and 21. \$1.40. D. Appleton & Co.
 Gilmore, J. R. The Advance Guard of Western Civilization. \$1.50.
 D. Appleton & Co.
 Golden Words for Daily Counsel. \$1..... T. Y. Crowell & Co.
 Goldsmith, O. The Vicar of Wakefield..... Scribner & Welford.
 Goldsmith, O. The Traveller. 25c..... Macmillan & Co.
 Henty, G. A. Captain Bayley's Heir..... Scribner & Welford.
 Henty, G. A. The Lion of St. Mark..... Scribner & Welford.
 Hervey, T. K. The Book of Christmas..... Boston: Roberts Bros.
 Hewes, F. W. Citizen's Atlas of Public Politics. 1789-1888. \$2.
 Chas. Scribner's Sons.
 Hugo, V. By Order of the King. 2 vols. \$3..... T. Y. Crowell & Co.
 Hugo, V. Romances. Seven vols..... Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
 Iphigenia: A Legend of the Iliad..... Buffalo: C. L. Herrill & Co.
 Johnson, S. Life of Milton. 40c..... Macmillan & Co.
 Kennedy, C. R. Demosthenes on the Crown..... Scribner, Welford & Co.
 Kip, W. F. Would You Have Left Her? \$1.25..... G. P. Putnam's Sons.
 Lamb, C. Essays of Elia. 2 vols. \$2..... G. P. Putnam's Sons.
 Lee, J. R. Chromatic Chart and Manual of Parliamentary Law. 25c.
 Cinn.: Robert Clarke & Co.
 Longfellow, H. W. Courtship of Miles Standish. \$6.
 Cambridge: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
 Middleton, A. E. Memory Systems: New and Old..... G. S. Fellows & Co.
 Molloy, J. F. The Life and Adventures of Edmund Kean. 1787-1833. 2 vols.
 Scribner & Welford
 Mombert, J. L. Charles the Great. \$5..... D. Appleton & Co.
 Moore, T. Irish Melodies. \$1.50..... G. P. Putnam's Sons.
 Moore, J. S. Friendly Letters to American Farmers. 25c..... G. P. Putnam's Sons.
 Morgan, A. The People and the Railways..... Chicago: Belford, Clarke & Co.
 Mother Goose Melodies, in sixteen editions..... McLoughlin Bros.
 Philpott, H. J. Tariff Chats. 25c..... G. P. Putnam's Sons.
 Plutarch's Lives. Dion, Brutus, etc. 100..... Cassell & Co.
 Proudft, D. L. Mask and Domino..... Phila.: Porter & Coates.
 Putnam, E., and Bates, A. Prince Vance. \$1.50..... Boston: Roberts Bros.
 Reppel, A. Books and Men. \$1.25..... Cambridge: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
 Ritter, J. P., Jr. Marie: A Seaside Episode..... Chicago: Belford, Clarke & Co.
 Robinson, H. P. Letters on Landscape Photography..... Scoville Manufacturing Co.
 Roosevelt, T. Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail..... The Century Co.
 Wells, D. A. Relation of the Tariff to Wages. 25c..... G. P. Putnam's Sons.
 Sharpe, R. B. Birds in Nature..... Boston: Estes & Lauriat.
 Taylor, C. W. The Imaginary Conversations of 'His Excellency' and Dan.
 Boston: Cupples & Hurd.
 Treach, R. C. On the Study of Words. \$1..... G. P. Putnam's Sons.
 Treach, R. C. Westminster and Other Sermons. \$1.50..... D. Appleton & Co.
 Verney, Lady. How the Peasant Owner Lives. \$1..... Macmillan & Co.
 Walton, I. The Complete Angler. \$3..... G. P. Putnam's Sons.
 Wells, D. A. Relation of the Tariff to Wages. 25c..... G. P. Putnam's Sons.
 Wesselsheft, L. F. Sparrow, the Tramp..... Boston: Roberts Bros.
 Wines, F. H. American Prisons. 25c..... G. P. Putnam's Sons.